

Unfinished Business

Ghosts Of Childhood's Past

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Unfinished Business by RigorMorton

Series: [Ghosts Of Childhood's Past \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Ten years ago, you and a group of childhood friends escaped the clutches of a child eating demon that rises every ten years to feast for one year.

Lying in bed one night, you receive a phone call from one of your old friends. The clown is back.

However, before you can hop on the first train back to Derry, your old foe pays you an unexpected visit.

He's come to settle the score and you find yourself willing to do anything to survive. Anything....

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Author's Note:

This is pure trash. Lol. I'm so sorry for this.

Also, I had to adjust the time gap a bit, so the reader didn't have to be in her 40's. Not that there's anything wrong with that. But this way the age is ambiguous. The reader is an adult though. Anyway, Pennywise returns every ten years instead of twenty seven.

You lie sprawled out on your bed, staring up at the ceiling fan above you. You watch the blades spin over and over, listening to the chopping noise that they make. It's oddly satisfying.

It's a particularly hot night tonight. You've got the A/C blasting along with the ceiling fan, wearing nothing but your underwear and a small white tank top. But it's not just the heat keeping you awake.

The phone call you just hung up from moments ago is the main reason.

"He's back, Y/N." Mike's words still ringing in your head.

The monster that haunted you as a child, has risen again to reek havoc on the town of Derry.

When you and the rest of the losers club, defeated him ten years ago, it wasn't clear if he was dead, or if his feeding time was simply up.

You all tried to be optimistic, but deep down inside you knew this day would come.

You made a promise that you'd return to Derry along with the others, if Pennywise came back.

The thought alone of going back to that shit town, was enough to keep you awake. But you also can't help but wonder if you'll see the demonic clown before you make the trip down.

He eats children normally, but what if....just what if he makes an exception to settle an old score? Who will he come after first? Will he start with you?

The thought makes your heart start to race. You're all alone in your quiet and dark apartment. Every noise has you jumping out of your skin. There's no way you'll get a wink of sleep tonight. Almost makes you wish you hadn't been so quick to kick that sleaze of an ex boyfriend out. He may have been scum, but at least you wouldn't be alone and terrified right now.

You close your eyes just for a moment, hoping for a miracle, but a shuffling noise in your closet makes you sit up quickly.

Your heart starts to race a mile a minute. You hop out of bed and slowly walk over to the closet, quickly opening the door and pulling the light string.

There's nothing suspicious. Just a bunch of your clothes hanging, and shoes down on the floor.

You let out a sigh of relief thinking it was just your imagination.

As you reach up to pull the light back off, a large gloved hand reaches out from behind your clothes grabbing your forearm, followed by the familiar clown parting the clothes and popping out at you like a cheap horror movie jump scare.

"Miss me?" He giggles.

You scream and walk backwards, falling back onto the mattress.

Pennywise leaps onto the end of the bed - his feet curling around the wooden end post like a gargoyle, staring down at you, predatory like, before leaping down on top of you.

You lie frozen in fear - the menacing clown hovering over you, breathing heavily and licking his lips.

You know this is it. There's nowhere to go, and the evil entity that haunted you as a child, is about to finish what he started. He's been waiting years for this - for the one that got away. There's no way

you'll talk your way out of it.

The demon growls out your name, slow and gravelly - his teeth turning sharp and gangly, making your eyes well up with tears. Any second those fangs could come down onto your neck, ripping your throat out as you choke to death on your own blood.

His face is so close to yours - your noses almost touching. In a desperate panic, you wrap a hand around the back of his neck, and lean up touching your lips to his.

The clown pauses - eyes wide with confusion.

You can't believe you just did that, or even understand why you did. A last second attempt to save your life, perhaps? If anything, at least a way to stall the inevitable.

Your body's trembling underneath him, just waiting to see what happens.

Pennywise, puts two fingers up to his red painted lips, still looking as shocked as ever.

"Did you just.... Did you just kiss me?"

"Yes." You nod, swallowing thickly.

He squints down at you in suspicion. "Now why would you go and do a thing like that?" He sneers.

You only have seconds to come up with a response. You better make it good.

"I got caught up in the heat of the moment. You lying on top of me, about to kill me. It's kinda hot, no?" You manage to fake a smirk.

The clown leans in closer - his nose pressing into your neck and breathes in deep.

"I can smell your fear." He whispers, grinning widely.

"I can be scared and aroused at the same time, ya know." This is a

hard argument to sell considering your voice is shaking along with your body and it doesn't look like the clown is buying it.

"What is it that you want?" He whispers - a glint of curiosity in his eye.

You lick your lips, trying your best to look genuinely aroused and not terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought.

"Are you gonna make me say it?" You ask, placing your quivering hand up against the clown's heaving chest.

"Yes." He growls.

"Sex." You reply, pulling Pennywise in closer, till your breasts are pressing into his body.

"Sex?" He repeats - his eyes wide with intrigue.

More than likely the clown has never engaged in it. It appears he's the only one of his kind, whatever that may be. Who would he be sleeping with?

"I mean, if you want to.." You're praying this works. It's your only hope of escaping a brutal and painful death.

The clown still looks confused. You're gonna have no choice but to teach him how.

You let out a deep sigh, and pull your tank top up over your head, exposing your breasts to the monstrous clown. Your nipples harden at the touch of the cool breeze coming from your ceiling fan.

Pennywise stares down at them in disbelief. You can't tell if it's because he's never seen any before or if it's because he can't believe you showed them to him.

You watch the Adam's apple in his neck bob up and down as he gulps, almost as if he's nervous.

It's apparent that you're going to have to be the aggressor here. The clown has no idea what he's doing.

You reach up, and grab the creature's big gloved hand and place it over your left breast. It's far too awkward to just lie there and watch him stare down at you in confusion, so you quickly pull him in for a rough kiss.

His lips are stiff at first, making it quite difficult. It's like being in an old black and white movie where they weren't allowed to show anything graphic, so the on screen couples had to somehow kiss passionately without tongue. Just lips pressed together roughly while your head moves from side to side. It's almost suffocating.

You break away, taking a second to catch your breath, before running your tongue along the crease of his lips, coaxing them to open.

Slowly but surely you feel the giant, warm hand start to move over your breast, squeezing curiously - slow and gentle.

His lips start to part, and you waste no time delving your tongue in between them, immediately finding the clown's. It feels just like kissing a human. His mouth is warm and wet, like anyone else. He tastes a little sweeter though. Like cotton candy and popcorn. Which is odd considering he eats children. Of course him being a supernatural creature and all, it's likely he can control what he tastes like.

The sweet warm tongue washes over yours quite nicely. Pennywise seems to be getting the hang of things. It'd be nice if he were a little more aggressive. You've got your work cut out for you. You have to be brave and have a steady hand. Your life literally depends on it.

You finally work up the nerve to reach down in between the clown's legs, cupping his cock through his silky clown suit.

A growl like sigh escapes his lips - gravelly and rattling in his throat.

Pennywise pants heavily as he hardens in your hand.

Feeling the clown's cock spring to life at your touch starts to make you tingle between your legs. This was not supposed to happen. You're not supposed to actually get aroused. You're supposed to just pretend you are. This is not good. It really makes you question your

own morality.

However, your mind is quickly distracted from worries of morals when a long, gloved finger pulls the side of your panties over, exposing your now throbbing pussy.

Pennywise stares down at you in curiosity. He uses two fingers to swipe up the moisture gathering at your entrance and holds it up to examine it.

"What is THIS?" The clown asks, rubbing the pad of his thumb over his dampened fingertips.

"That means you're making me feel good. It'll happen to you too, but not till the end."

The clown raises a brow, before returning his hand down in between your trembling thighs. He gives your entrance an experimental poke with his index finger, making you hiss softly and wiggle your toes.

He immediately picks up on your reaction and plunges the excessively long, gloved finger all the way up inside you, with a smirk.

You gasp, squeezing the side of your pillow tightly. You can't help but wonder if those are creepy monster hands underneath those gloves. They're probably green and gnarly like something out of a horror movie. You really don't want to find out though.

That thought is pushed to the back of your mind when Pennywise starts to wiggle it inside you, making you cry out and squirm on the bed like a worm in hot ashes.

He giggles gleefully at your reaction.

You reach up to his crotch and stick your hand through a gap in between the buttons of his clown suit, grabbing hold of his throbbing cock. It feels normal, other than being larger than average that is. It's hot and heavy in your hand, like any human's would be.

Your hand wraps around it tightly, and you start to glide your fist up and down - slow and smooth at first.

Pennywise sighs, shutting his eyes and licking his lips, before thrusting his finger in and out of you as hard as he can, as if he's TRYING to finger fuck you to death.

That long finger's hitting spots inside you, you didn't even know you had. You're beyond aroused by now and there's no turning back.

You pull your hand out of the clown's pants and start to tug your panties down below your waist, having to stop because his arm is in between your legs. He retracts his finger allowing you to pull them down the rest of the way and with a kick of your foot, they're flung across the room without a care.

You eagerly wrap your legs around his waist, bucking your hips up desperately for friction.

Pennywise takes the hint. You watch him unbutton the crotch of his clown suit and reach inside, quickly throwing your head back onto the pillow, biting your lip in anticipation.

The head of his cock presses against your opening, making you suck in a breath. It's warm and swollen and feels so good just bumping awkwardly against your hole.

You reach down, taking hold of his cock, guiding it into your entrance just slightly. Just so he'd know what to do.

As if having sex with a literal monster isn't weird enough, the fact that he doesn't even really know what sex is, really puts it over the top.

Pennywise presses himself in you further, making you wince as the wide head breaches you and starts to climb your inner walls - slowly Inching into the tight warmth of your body.

He's uncomfortably big. You know you'll get used to it pretty quickly, so you just try to relax and breath.

The clown shuts his eyes making awkward grunting noises. It's hard to imagine what this must feel like to someone that probably hasn't

even masturbated before. Probably life changing, which would be a good reason for him to spare your life. The goal here is to end up being worth more to him alive.

Your toes curl when he finally sinks all the way into you. Your legs are clinging to his hips for dear life, still shaking along with the rest of your body.

His body's pressed so tightly against yours it's almost suffocating, but at least the clown suit is cool and silky against your bare skin.

Pennywise starts a rhythm, rocking in and out of you slowly and steadily. The burn of the stretch is almost a distant memory as the delightful tingle starts to rear its head. Every new thrust feels better than the last.

The hot slide of the clown's cock, feels so good and you can't help but hate yourself for liking it so much. He's a monster for Christ's sake. He killed your friend's little brother. A child. He's evil and devoid of any humanity. A demonic eating machine. How could you?

You ignore these thoughts. Just push them to the back of your mind. You keep telling yourself it's just a way to survive. Nothing more, but the excessive wetness forming a big damp spot underneath your ass, tells a different story.

As good as it feels, it's not enough. You want to scream "harder!" and have him fuck you into the mattress and down into the apartment below you, but you're a little afraid you might offend him. However, body language is a powerful thing.

You start to buck your hips up, meeting with his thrusts. A small gesture of antsiness that just might get the point across.

Maybe being a little more vocal will help egg him on as well.

Your soft whimpers turn to loud moans and gasps and you start to dig your nails into his back, hissing into his ear.

"Oh fuck." You pant out seductively, desperately thrusting your hips up into him once more.

Sure enough the clown starts to pick up speed. It's subtle at first but after a few moments your bed starts to make that squeaking sound and the tingle in your pussy grows more and more intense.

Pennywise looks lost in a haze of pleasure. Carelessly sliding into the tight opening, leading to your inner most depths.

He works it in and out, back and forth within your entrails, watching his cock vanish and reappear, over and over, like he's entranced with the way your body swallows it right up.

Quick snaps of his hips making his groin collide with yours, elicit an erotic slapping noise with each thrust.

You're now a writhing mess - moans and curse words shamelessly slipping from your lips. Your morals are officially gone, quickly replaced with a burning selfish pleasure.

Encouraged by your blatant sounds of ecstasy, the clown manages to thrust even harder - the mattress beneath your bucking bodies, dipping and rocking - obnoxiously squeaking.

Your entire face and the top of your head starts to tingle as you feel that familiar warmth pooling in your lower stomach - spreading its way down, lower and lower, reaching your throbbing clit, making its way down even farther - deeper into your innermost depths. That sweet, hot burn washing over you, curling your toes, leaving you breathless and dizzy - your thighs trembling.

The clown watches curiously - a look of amazement in his eyes, as if he can't believe he caused this. How can such a monster be so innocent and naive? It's quite astounding.

By the time your brutal orgasm has taken its toll, you've gone limp - your mind swirling with a crazy mix of thoughts you can barely concentrate on - comprehend. All you know is that a monster just gave you the best orgasm of your life. A thought that may haunt you forever. However, the show must go on. The clown's not quite done.

You can hear its growls growing louder as it continues to pound your limp, sprawled out body into the mattress until finally, you feel him

tremble in your arms. His eyes squeeze shut and he stops thrusting, just stilling inside you for a moment, before a warm, wetness shoots up inside you, spattering against your walls in heavy amounts - more than you thought was possible - some of it running back down and out of your pussy, adding to the puddle already underneath you.

Pennywise lies still on top of you for a moment - a husky evil laugh rattling in his throat.

He pulls himself out of you with a squelch, and looks down at his shiny wet cock with amazement.

All you can do is stare quietly. Watching his reaction to sex for the first time is nothing if not fascinating.

He tucks himself back into his pants with a grunt.

"That was fun." He giggles gleefully, never breaking the clown character. You're half expecting an animal balloon as a parting gift.

You smile and nod, nervously. "Yeah. That was amazing." You bite your lip, dragging your finger seductively down his chest.

All you can do now is pray in your head that he doesn't decide to kill you anyway.

Now that you've come down off the high of your orgasm, reality starts to sink in. It takes everything inside you to not panic.

You close your trembling legs and pull your sheets up, covering your naked body.

"So what happens now?" You have to ask because the suspense of the unknown is killing you.

The clown stares down at you through squinted eyes - a slight sneer in the corner of his mouth.

He gives a long pause, just hovering over you menacingly, licking his lips. You can see his nostrils flare. It's obvious he smells your fear.

After leaving you in suspense for what felt like hours, he laughs

giddily. "I'll tell you what..." he giggles. "You caught me in a good mood. I'm gonna go after the other losers first and save you for last."

You swallow thickly, clutching the sheet over your chest tightly. It's not exactly the answer you had in mind.

"Who knows?" The clown jumps up off the bed with a shrug. "Maybe. Just maybe, by the time I'm done, I might feel satisfied enough to just let you go. No promises though." He giggles again, giving your nose a quick boop.

You don't say anything. You just nod quietly.

"So." Pennywise claps his hands together loudly, making you jump slightly. "I really hate to run, but I've got some losers to track down. I'm sure you understand." He smiles devilishly, as if he's deliberately taunting you - rubbing it in your face that he's about to slaughter your childhood friends.

Of course what did you expect? He's a monster. If you let a snake into your bed, you're gonna get bit.

He starts to walk toward the bedroom door - his clown shoes squeaking along the way. Before he crosses the threshold, he stops and turns back around. "I'll give the club your regards." He winks before disappearing down the hall. You can hear his fit of giggles all the way out the door.

As soon as the obnoxious laughing stops, you curl up into the fetal position, squeezing your pillow into your chest.

What you've done hits you like a ton of bricks. You sold your soul and it's too late. You're the Judas of the losers club.

You know what they say.....Those who fight monsters should take care that they never become one. For when you stand and look long into the abyss, the abyss also looks into you.

Author's Note:

There's a sequel to this <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12164748>